THE Sham PRINCE Expos'd.

In a Dialogue between the Popes Nuncio and Bricklayers Wife:

Nurse to the Supposed *PRINCE* of *WALES*.

Nurse. AH! Father *Nuncio*, What woful times are these we live in; and how different from those, when every day laid the Foundation of a new Chappel and almost all Professions both in Church and State, imploy'd in Converting either Houses or Persons to the Service of *Mother Church*?

Nuncio. Why, truly Daughter, the Alterations are not much greater than we have heard or seen in former times. And as we have still found the *Mother of God* ready to help us at a dead lift, so I don't doubt but this will make our Saints set her on her Son, to demand Restitution.

Nurse. Well, You may flatter your selves with Restitution, &c. but your satisfaction is likely to be no greater than a Hungry Mans Dream of a plentiful Supper: Your late short Scene of Glory was like the last Blaze of a Candle, spent in the Socket; and the unmannerly *Whigs* think it has left as bad a stink behind it too.

Nun. Come, come, Child, we have a reserve yet left, what, do you think a Council of *Jesuits* can be outwitted by a Dutchman. I can but laugh to think what a figure he will make our young Prince *Prerogative* will prove.

Nurse. O Lord Sir, How the whole Kingdom laughs at the Sham; and there's never a Joyner in Town but has a Pattern of the *Bed-head*: Nay, next *Bartholomew-Fair* they intend to have a Droll, call'd, *The Tragedy of* Perkin Warbeck; you have read the Story of that *Perkin*, Sir, have not you?

Nun. And what of all this? Do you think ten years Consultation in the Conclave, a French Army, and his Holiness's Blessing, cannot sufficiently enable us to bring about a far Design of greater difficulty than this? But what do the People say of it?

Nurse. Why they say the Queen lay under such Circumstances at the time of the report of her Conception, that not all the Stallions in *Europe* could have got her with Child; nay, they say neither the *Irish Champion*, nor the *Italian Count*, no nor the strongest Backs in *Covent Garden* could have done it.

Nun. Nay to speak the Truth between you and I, we chose a bad time, but we thought the very Notion of a Prince of *Wales*, would make such a noise, as would drown all Probability and Reason; besides, who thought People would have been so uncivil, to peep as it were under the Queens Cloaths, or Question the Word of a King.

Nurse. 'Tis true, these *Church of England Whigs* are so Inquisitive (forsooth) that the Queen never went to Piss, but they'd be catting of her Water. Well I am sure I have lost a good Bargain of it: Oh! I shall never hear such sweet Musick again, as the rading of Guinea's every now and then in my hand; beside, the Honourable Title of the *Prince of Wales*'s Nurse.

Nun. By our Lady, you're in the right of it, nothing troubles me so much as the loss of my Pension; for tho 'tis our Business to look Grave and Demure; yet by our Bulk you may guess we take no delight in Starving.

Nurse. But Sir, is there no way to get another *Prince of Wales*; for so I might be Nurse, I did not care if there was a new One every Year. It passes for Current, that the Queen's big again of a Duke of *York*: When do you think she'll be brought to Bed?

Nun. O Lord, do you think she'd be mad to lye in these troublesome times; besides the very noise of the *Dutch Soldiers* would spoil her Milk, as Thunder does Ale; for She's resolv'd to Suckle the next herself, to prevent Suspition; and you know (as the Ladies depos'd) She has abundance of Milk always after being with Child of a Son.

Nurse. Well Sir, I wish I could see it, but all the Protestant Astrologers fore-tell she'll mis-carry: And O my Conscience, I believe they're a sort of Conjurers, for they Calculate every thing to a Hairs breadth.

Nun. Nay, nay, now you talk of Conjurers I can fit you: I am sure I and my Brethren foretold things so miraculous, that few or none could believe them, till they saw them.

Nurse. Nor then neither, may be.

Nun. Did not our *Roman Almanacks* speak of the Queens being to be with Child, at least half a Year before 'twas said she was conceived? Did we not declare it must be a Prince of *Wales*? nay we could have told you the very time and place too, but that we fear'd the Chamber would have been crowded with Heretics, and that would have troubled her worse than her Labour: For we had Prognosticated before, that the Presence of a *Protestant* Bishop, &c. would be very Obnoxious and Hurtful to the Birth of a Prince of *Wales*.

Nurse. 'Tis very true Sir, you and your Society vented many Prophecies: But the design and meaning of them were so plain and obvious to every Understanding, that it detracted much from the sweetness of them. I have been told, your Ancient Oracles were deliver'd like Riddles, and consequently not liable to every mans Interpretation; and though we all acknowledged the News of the Queens being certainly with Child of a Prince of *Wales*, as a sort of a Mystery, yet by comparing a few Cases, we easily unravell'd the whole Business.

Nun. Well, well, we shall play you another Game ere long: But tell me, how do the People think of the King in this matter?

Nurse. Why they that are Moderate amongst them, think he was so fond of the very Notion of having a Son in his Old Age, that in a little time he might have been (good man) deluded into the belief of it; as some have us'd themselves to tell a Lye so often, that at last they have been perswaded that it was true: Others think the Queen wore the Breeches so long, that His Majesty durst not venture to unbreech them, or try the truth of the Matter: But the more general, and more probable Opinion is, that being led by a Zeal, inflamed chiefly by you and your Worshipful Society, he thought the merit of the Act, in relation to his Church, would ballance the Stain which the dismal Consequences thereof would certainly imprint on his Memory and Reputation. And the thoughts of this, if you had any Grain of Conscience, Religion, or Honesty (which is very much dispair'd of in men of your Profession) should touch your Hearts, with either Shame or Repentance, for so black a design of Suppressing the Church, ruining the State, and murthering more honest and conscientious men, than all your boasted Universality can show.

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